

'50

BUXTON SCHOOL

1950

Stone Hill
Williamstown, Massachusetts

You have gone through and come out of
more things this year than all of us
would have thought possible. You have
risen to these hardships with cheer,
good taste, and courage. If you are
willing to work and wait hard, you
can accomplish whatever is most
important to you. To a gentleman
and a friend, the best of luck
always —

Diana



Dedication

TO MRS. SEYMOUR

*We have a lot to remember — your keen sense of humor, your
unfailing help and understanding to all, and your end-
less patience. For these, we thank you.*

Dear Joe - Will you please remember
to invite me to your debut at the
MET? Remember - I believe in your

Voice
and
in you
T. P.



Tout grand plaisir de travailler avec Figo.
Rock

Tony Barber

FACULTY

"My object all sublime, I will achieve in time, to make the punishment fit the
crime, the punishment fit the crime."

—Gilbert & Sullivan

Mr. P. Seymour

Dear Jose

Good night when we el



To a very good friend John Moorhead

STUDENTS

"What a world of gammon and spinach it is though, ain't it?"

— David Copperfield. Dickens

Jose, I know that you will always
stay in my memory as a very
good friend.

5

Good luck to everything
you do — bye



PERSEPHONE FORTUNE ADAMS

Dear José,
 Buenos Aires.
 and take care of
 yourself. Thank you
 for singing my song
 so well. Yours,
 Puffy

"You find me, my dears, as usual very busy. The African project at present employs my whole time. It involves me in correspondence with public bodies and with private individuals . . . all over the country . . . advancing the . . . education of the natives of Boorioboola Gha, on the left bank of the Niger."

—*Bleak House. Dickens*

"Upon my soul you mustn't come into the place saying you want to know, you know."

—*Charles Dickens*



BARBARA FRANK



"She's the only sylph I ever saw who could stand upon one leg, and play the trombone on her other knee, like a sylph."

— *Nicholas Nickleby. Dickens*

To Sanchez
with a very sincere
wish that everything
turns out just fine -
from
Barley



"Sugar and Spice
And Everything Nice."

— *Anonymous*



JOHN MONSELL HARTWELL

"President of the United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company."

— *Nicholas Nickleby. Dickens*

"He is no wiseman who will quit a certainty for an uncertainty."

— *Samuel Johnson*



PHILIP EDWARD KALKER



*Of all the people
I have ever mis-
understood, I have
mis-understood you
most. I shall extend my apology along
with a wish for pleasant future.
All the luck in the world to a
swell guy. Phil*

“ ‘Not so easy when one is eating a demnition egg,’ said Mr. Mantalini, ‘for the yolk runs down the waistcoat, and the yolk of egg does not match any waistcoat but a yellow waistcoat, demmit.’ ”

— *Nicholas Nickleby. Dickens*



“Faith, that’s as well said as if I said it myself.”

— *Jonathan Swift*



GENE KINGMAN

“ ‘I beg you won’t mention such a thing,’ said Mrs. T, ‘A marriage indeed! — to rob me of my boarders — no, not for the world.’ ”

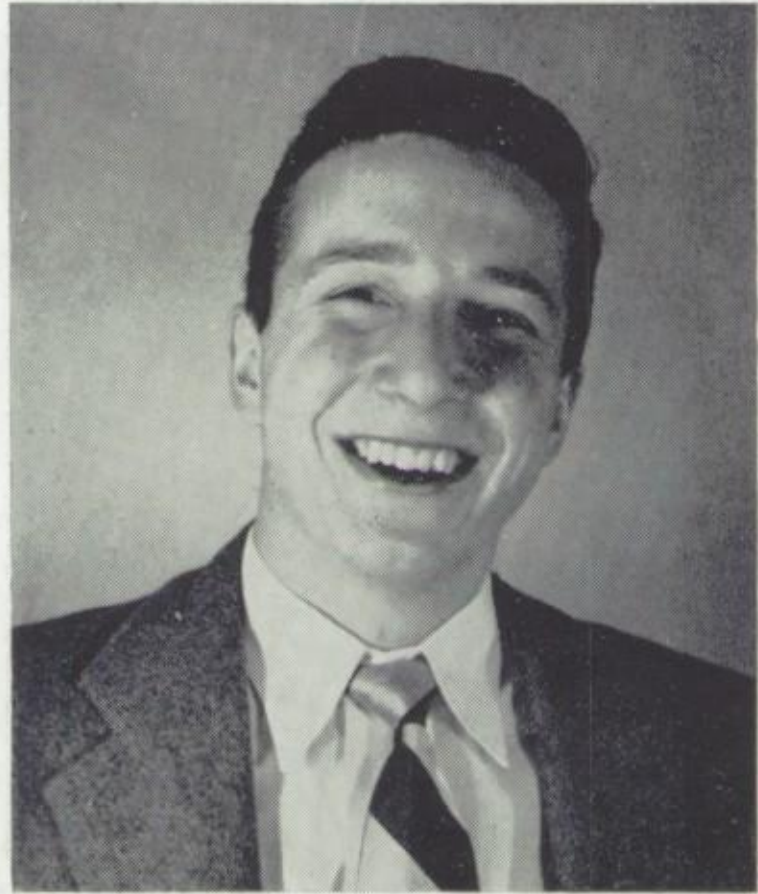
— *Sketches by Boz. Dickens*

“Now I growl when I’m pleased and I wag my tail when I’m angry. Therefore I’m mad.”

— *Alice in Wonderland*



WILLIAM KITZ



"Circumstances beyond my individual control."

— *David Copperfield. Dickens*



"Bachelor's fare; bread and cheese
and kisses."

— *Jonathan Swift*



FLORENCE RUTH
LANGWORTHY

"'Father' is rather vulgar, my dear. The word 'Papa,' besides, gives a pretty form to the lips. Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prism are all very good words for the lips; especially prunes and prism."

— *David Copperfield. Dickens*

"Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?"

— *Alice in Wonderland*



SYLVIA LIVINGSTON LUM



"Stranger, pause and ask thyself the question, Canst thou do likewise? If not, with a blush retire."

— *Edwin Drood. Dickens*



"The proper study of Mankind is Man."

— *Alexander Pope*



Dear Jose,
 Your probably
 as clear as I am
 and so I hope you
 don't expect me to
 write anything

ALICE PATRICIA MACKLER

out standing,
 good luck and
 I hope to see you
 again.
 Alice

"He rose from the table and advancing to the master, basin and spoon in hand, said 'Please sir, I want some more' . . . The master, a fat healthy man, gazed on the small rebel for some seconds. 'What!' said the master at length in a faint voice. 'Please sir, I want some more.'"

— *Oliver Twist. Dickens*

"Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee
 thing."

— *Robert Burns*



Dear Jose,
 It was wonderful knowing
 you, and I'm very glad we could
 graduate together.
 I'll take care of yourself
 and I hope to
 see you
 again someday.

MARGARET MURPHY



"What is the odds so long as the fire of soul is kindled at the taper of con-
 viviality, and the wing of friendship never moults a feather."

— *Nicholas Nickleby. Dickens*



"A mugwump is a bird on a fence
 with his mug on one side and his wump
 on the other."

— *Anonymous*



JIM BAKER POWER

*Yours
I'm very glad you
are a graduate and
I hope to see you
again sometime in the
future
Jim*

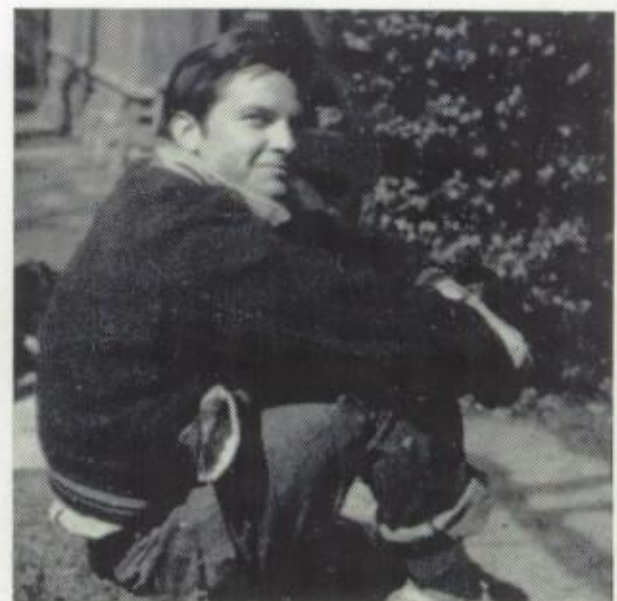
" 'Do you spell it with a V or a W?' inquired the judge.

'That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my Lord,' replied Sam."

— *Pickwick Papers. Dickens*

" 'If the law supposes that,' said Mr. Bumble, ' . . . the law is a ass and a idiot.' "

— *Charles Dickens*



to a wonderful guy
who has a lot of
courage.

I certainly hope
I can see you again
soon.

Good Luck to you
JAMES CHARLES READ

Jim Read



"I have known him to come home to supper with a flood of tears, and a declaration that nothing was now left but a jail; and go to bed making a calculation of the expense of putting bay-windows to the house, 'in case anything turned up,' which was his favorite expression."

— *David Copperfield. Dickens*



"Now here, you see, it takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast."

— *Through the Looking Glass*



FERNANDO ROSICH TREJOS

"Once a gentleman and always a gentleman."

—*Little Dorrit. Dickens*

"I'm an intellectual chap and think
of things that would astonish you."

—*Gilbert & Sullivan*



RUSTY SHERWIN



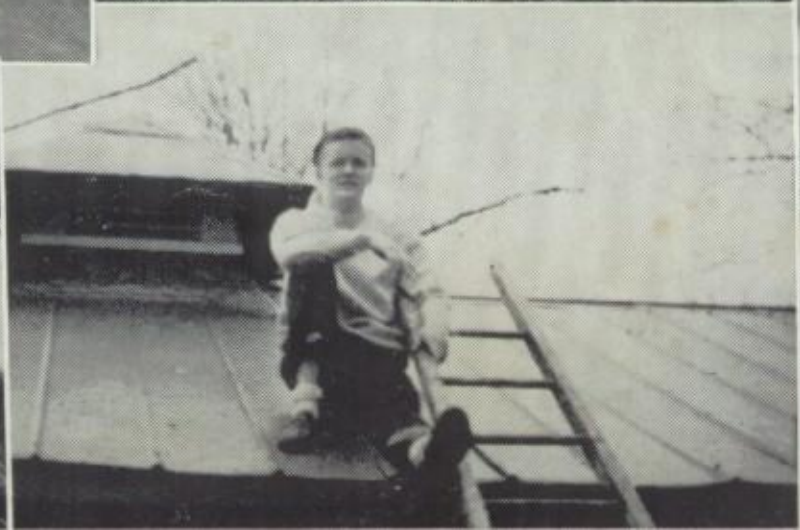
“ ‘You must have been taught a long time before you came, to work so neatly, miss, and with such a pretty taste.’ ‘Never was taught a stitch, young man,’ returned the dressmaker, tossing her head. ‘Just gobbled and gobbled till I found out how to do it. Badly enough at first, but better now.’ ”

— *Our Mutual Friend. Dickens*



“To look up and not down,
To look forward and not back,
To look out and not in, and
To lend a hand.”

— *Edward Everett Hale*





*Good Luck! Good Luck!
Have lots of fun
in your year to come
Steve*

BOYS' SOCCER

The boys played soccer this year and played it well. Five games were on the schedule and everyone was played by a team and not individuals. This in itself was surprising for most of the players had never taken part in any fall sport except football.

The outstanding game of the season was with Woodstock Country School. The score was tied throughout the game and two overtime periods. We finally had to resort to a period of "Sudden Death" where the first team to make a goal won. Charlie Lord put the ball in for us and thus finished the game.

There were a few players who were outstanding: our captain, Phil Kalker, and playing manager, Bill Kitz, Tom Boswell, Jim Power and Charlie Lord. The whole team played well and a great deal is due to Messrs. Pollitt and Kochenour as our coaches.



GIRLS' SOCCER

This year, the soccer team, headed by Rusty Sherwin and managed by Gene Kingman, made an energetic showing and effort on the field and came up with an undefeated season. They played a variety of games this year, ranging from Williamstown High and Burr and Burton to Chatham and finally Woodstock.

In all these struggles there are a few names that are outstanding — Kingman and Sherwin as half-backs defending the goal and pushing the offensive down the field, Dessau and Bloss in the front line dribbling skillfully in and out, and last and most important Peirce, defending the goal.



BOYS' BASKETBALL

They won some, but it was still a good season. Playing such teams as Lansingburg High School in Troy, several Y.M.C.A. teams, and a group from the Williamstown Boys' Club, the Buxton Quintette managed to win about half of the games played.

There was a good combination of boys from the United States and from Costa Rica, Central America. "Bill" and "Koch" were the ones who whipped this heterogeneous group into a team that was all pulling for the same goal.

Jesse

It doesn't seem possible I know you only five months.
It seems like years. You've been a good friend and a
nice study person to lean on when in trouble. It's

been
great

knowing
you.

I hope

that we

will

meet
again
in the
future.

Barry



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

This year's trips to the Mitchell Gym in the truck midst ice and snow didn't reap many material rewards beyond the personal satisfaction of the team members. Unfortunately the scarcity and brevity of the practices could not be overcome by the spirit.

An able captain and manager team — Frank and Tompkins — arranged several exciting games; among them Pittsfield Girls' League, Dalton, Burr and Burton and Lakewood. Forwards and guards alike showed skill and thoughtful playing, and the outlook for next year is hopeful.



LONELINESS

RAIN fell
And I was alone.
Gray mist crept like the silent panther,
Enveloping the whole of earth.
The Lotus blossom, bent with droplets, wet,
Bereft of dirt and wholly clean,
Met at sky's edge the swallow,
Dipping its soaring wings to the earth,
While rain fell
And I was alone.

— *Ruth Sherwin*

SOMNAMBULISM

HE had been here several times before, and a good many places like it many times. Now he was in one of his meditative moods. He felt himself a stranger even with his friends.

The place was especially crowded. At the table in the Club Columbo, with all the familiar noises of a night club, he felt as if by himself in his private study, sitting by the fire, dreaming.

He was with a group of his business friends, all out on a stag party. It was one of their usual celebrations. All were talking about business, politics, and even how they were getting along with their private secretaries.

"She has the smoothest ivory shoulders I've ever seen," he heard one of his friends say, and across the packed room he saw just that. The woman he saw had no connection with the one his friend was mentioning as far as he knew, but he got up and started to walk toward her, staring at her striking face. When he started to trip over chairs, he realized what he was doing. The woman hadn't noticed him and probably never would, he thought, nor had anybody else.

He felt disappointed as he got back to his table. His friends jested about his day-dreaming — all he could do was to grin a silly grin and sneak glances toward the ivory-shouldered woman.

"Why don't I get up?" he kept saying to himself, cursing himself for his hesitation.

The band was just starting to blare when he got up again. He saw the woman reach around for her coat. "She can't leave," he said to himself, despairing. He groped through the packed room. This was the height of the crowd.

He was very close now, asking himself what he was doing. She had noticed him. He couldn't take his eyes off her. She was looking up at him with beautiful questioning eyes. "What a soft expression," he thought. The blood was pounding in his head.

He hesitated, — and saw her escort put on her coat. He was so close he could touch the fur. They got up and walked out.

— *Jim B. Power*

floor with a gurgle. I bent over to make sure it was dead, and only then did I realize who it was — for, in the last moments of life, the voice of my uncle hissed something into my ear which caused my flesh to crawl. I fled blindly, gropingly from the room, even from the house itself.

My next step was to find lodging elsewhere. I managed to secure a room in a small house on the outskirts of a town a great distance from the hideous mansion. Several weeks have passed since I have been living here.

As I sit in my room, writing this confession of the killing of my uncle, a strange feeling has possessed me that perhaps I will not live much longer. It may be the dark, sinister storm which is roaring outside, or it may be the weightiness of my conscience and the realization of the enormity of my deed. Or it may be because of the horror of the last words of my uncle. But I must write this document for whoever may find it. Even now, as I am finishing this, I hear muffled sounds outside the French doors of my room — scraping, scuffling, groaning, half-animal sounds

— *Midge Murphy*



The Owl and the Pussy-cat

E. Lear

To J.L.L.

P. Adams

The musical score is handwritten and consists of five systems of piano accompaniment. Each system has a treble and bass staff. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The music is in D major (two sharps) and 2/4 time. The score is handwritten and includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and accidentals.

The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat:
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,

"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

The next day, while I was wondering just how long I'd be able to continue, this boy walks into camp saying that he's heard I need a guide and that he'd be willing to show me the way, no matter where I wanted to go, as long as I'd help him get a job when we returned to civilization.

He was lean, hard, and would have been exceptionally good-looking had it not been for a scar that began just below his left ear and ran across the side of his face seeming to enter the corner of his mouth: this made him look tough and mean, yet at the same time he was gentle.

Well, that night I lay back against the tent pole and dozed on and off, half watching the movements of my guide. He was squatting beside the fire staring into the flames as they leaped in a victory dance. The unscarred side of his face was turned toward me. His profile was silhouetted. He was unmistakably some creature from the deep areas of the wood, clear cut, manly, and beautiful. Through half-closed eyes I watched him, not thinking of anything important.

He began to croon in a soft insidious voice. When I say croon I mean just that. He didn't sing any of the songs Pete had. The loud raucous songs that drive loneliness out of a campfire and bring all sorts together. It was more a chant. When I'd been in medical school I'd heard just that sort of noise from a nurse breaking under the pressure of an operation, but then her voice had risen into hysterical weeping. The boy just sat there rocking imperceptibly back and forth moaning softly.

The undulating chant rose and fell in the same manner. I was under its spell. I felt any movement to be impossible. My eyes grew heavy and I knew that sleep was coming.

When I woke there was no fire and no camp. I seemed to be high in the air. I wasn't floating, walking or moving. I was just there. There was no feeling in my arms or legs. In fact the only part of me that I had any control over was my eyes.

Somewhere I saw a tree fall. It too was in the void. There were no other trees around. Yet I saw a tree fall where there could be no tree. There was no place where it could grow or even stand.

As the great weight hurtled down, a boy, my new guide, ran under it. A branch caught the side of his face tearing the flesh away, leaving it hanging by a mere fragment. The boy never stopped. Reaching out his hand, he grabbed some cobwebs from nowhere and jammed them into the wound. He drew near me and in his one good eye, I saw a steady, gleaming look of horror. I was appalled by the soul-tearing depths that it seemed to reach. I believe I must have cried out loud.

The next minute I was back lying against the tent. "Mister, do you want your supper now?" was the first thing I registered on. I sat up rubbing my eyes. The tent was still there. The fire burned just as brightly as it had when I last saw it. I looked carefully at the boy's face. It was no different from any other time. The obvious answer was that I'd been dreaming. I still felt queer. Taking my plate I began to eat slowly.

"Where'd you get the scar?"

"A tree fell on me a while back."

The answer startled me but even more so the way it was delivered. The eyes were the same as those in the dream. The sheer horror couldn't possibly be surpassed.

I didn't say anymore. We finished the meal and washed up. As soon as the camp was cleared and everything was packed for an early start we turned in. I lay awake for a while turning the episode over in my mind. But after the long day, sleep quickly caught me.

The following morning my worries seemed to be no more than a bad dream. We swung out onto the lake with a steady rhythm that was to take us many miles. We were on the last leg of the journey. By the end of the next day I'd be back in the confines of a town. I'd have to help my friend get a job of some kind. But now there was nothing for me to do but breathe in the sweet morning air and watch the shoulders of my guide rise and fall with the swing of the paddle. The mist was lifting from the lake, and it promised to be a good day.

Eating at the end of the third portage, I found that the dry food tasted wonderful, especially when washed down with clear lake water. The sun was high. It was hot; we were both tired.

It was there that I first smelled it, a strong pungent odor that made the woods reek and the nostrils tighten and expand. It was the smell of decaying matter, as if the trees of the forest had moved in their ancient resting places stirring up all that was foul in the earth. It wasn't good.

The boy jumped up and immediately began loading the canoe. I helped him; as far as I was concerned my main objective in life was to get away from that horrible stench.

It wasn't until we got onto the lake and away from the presence of the decaying smell that either of us looked back. The boy's face was a sickly green with a blotched effect. His scar stood out heavily on his cheek, red and angry.

I was startled into asking a question. There was no answer, only a hoarse grunt and a heavy unrhythmical paddling. I shrugged it off as due to a weak stomach. But it bothered me. It was something that I couldn't understand. If there is one thing I hate, it is not being able to come to grips with something.

When it came time to camp the boy was all for pushing on. I would have nothing to do with it. My last night was going to be spent in relaxation. The remainder of the trip was easy. Down the Crane River and across the Big Fish Lake. The trip ended there. A friend was to pick me up in a plane, the canoe being carefully stored for the next year. I was to fly home, to settle back into a routine of patients and bridge. I didn't look forward to it, but it was something that had to come.

The evening seemed to settle onto us much too fast. The darkness rolled over us like a blanket. Here and there a star twinkled out. The night became a living and breathing thing. I walked down to the lake shore where I sat smoking, looking out across the path the moon made on the water. At the bottom of the rocky ledge on which I sat, the waves playfully sucked. The night sounds were

everywhere — they suddenly stopped. Everything was without noise. There is nothing louder than silence in the woods when even the small cricket ceases its constant whirring.

My nose twitched as the acid smell of decaying matter came to me. My heart missed a beat. Feeling something in back of me, I jumped and spun around with all my strength. What I saw froze my blood. There standing before the tent was my guide. In his face, in his body, there was a rigidity that was forced. It was as if he were holding himself by sheer willpower alone. Coming toward him were trees. I don't mean that they were actually moving but in a place where there had never been any, a giant one would appear. This same thing would happen over and over again . . . They surrounded him and closed in, crushing together until just one path remained. Then even that was blocked.

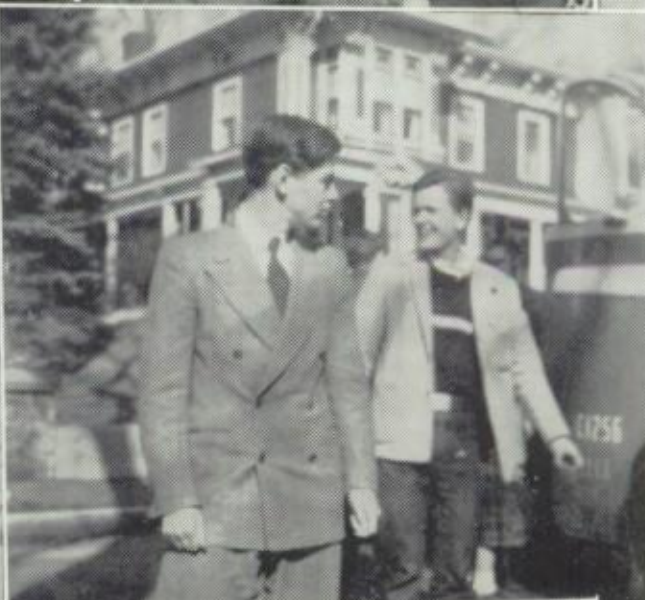
The last thing I saw was the restrained terror in those eyes.

When they found me I was alone, trying to push through a hopelessly impossible mass of trees, in a place where no camp could ever be pitched. The canoe was nowhere to be found, the tent was in a tumbled heap. The food and equipment were scattered over the ground.

The sight of those eyes still remains with me. Those horrible eyes watching me — that's why I'm here. Nowhere inside these walls are those trees. The only thing I can't do is pass through those gates, for out there the eyes wait for me.

—James Read







CLASS OF 1950

"They will drink our healths at dinner — those who tell us how
they love us,

And forget us before another year be gone!"

— *Rudyard Kipling*

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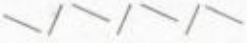
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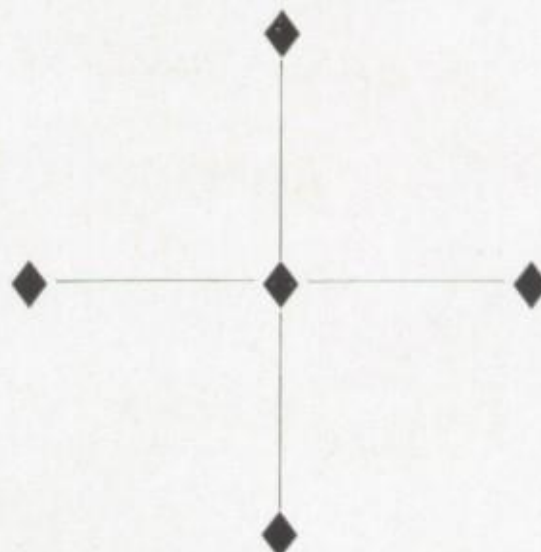


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fine guy.
And thanks to get for
keep up with you
singing goodbye song
good luck

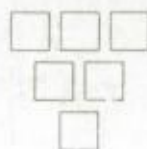
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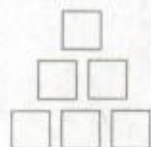
To the Class of 1950
with confidence in its ability to
meet the new half century, from

BUXTON SCHOOL





THE CLASS OF 1950 EXTENDS WARMEST
THANKS TO THE ADVERTISERS
AND PATRONS
WHO MADE POSSIBLE THE
PRINTING OF THIS
YEARBOOK



Last but not least, we want to remember Giovanni and Maria Roffinoli. Both are mainstays of Buxton, and we know that both will continue to be friends and have a kind word of advice to students of the future, as they have to the Class of 1950.



"I will not say to you: This is the way walk in it.
For I do not know your way, or where the Spirit
may call you.

It may be to paths I have never tread, or ships on
the sea leading to unimagined lands afar;

Or haply to a star:

Or yet again

Thru dark and perilous places racked with pain
and full of fear

Your road may lead you: far from me or near.

I cannot guess or guide but only stand aside.

Just this I'll say:

I know for very truth there is a way for each to walk,
a right for each to choose, a truth to use.

And tho you wander far, your soul will know that
true path when you find it.

Therefore, go!

I will fear no thing for you night or day!

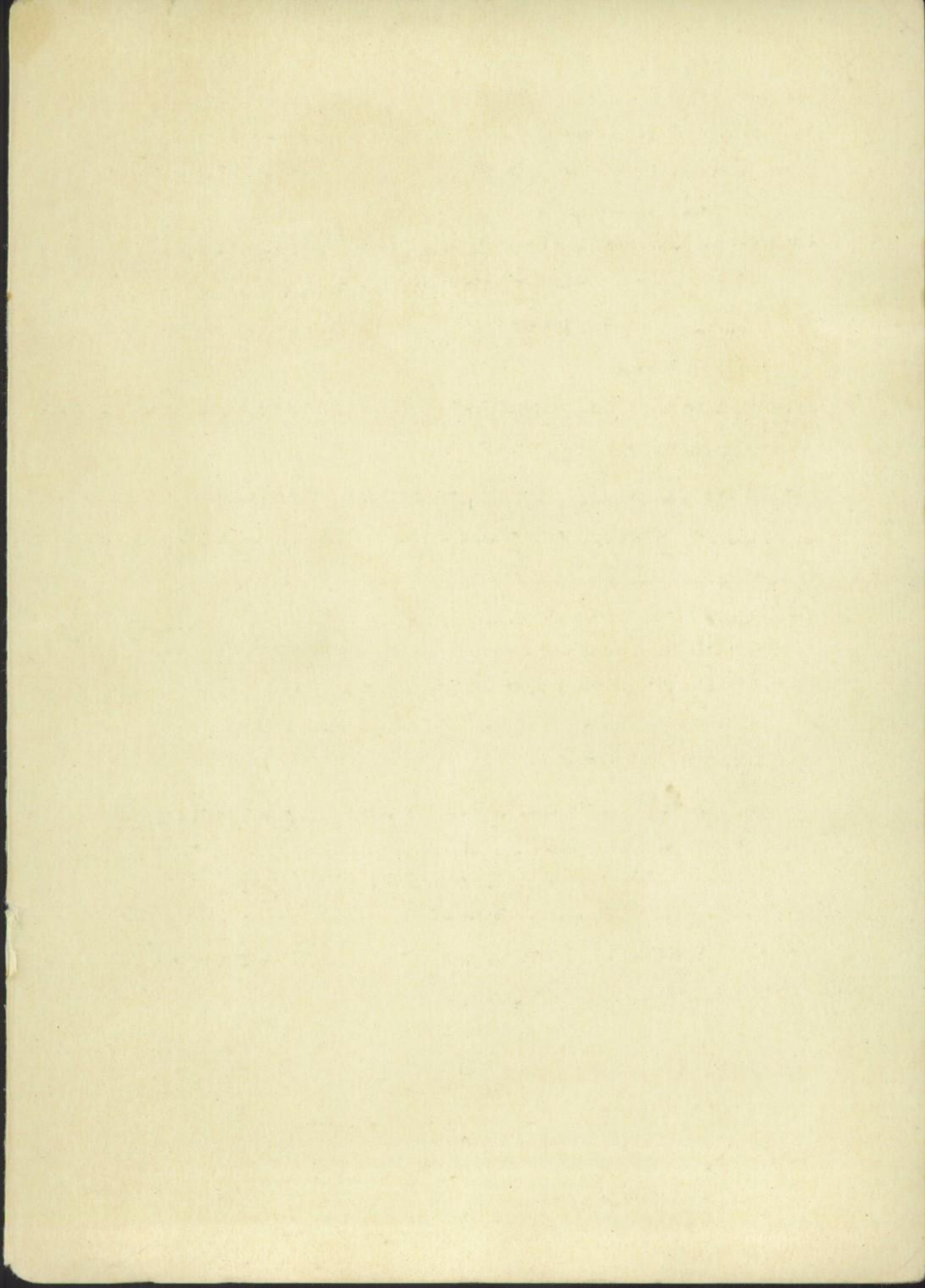
I will not grieve at all because your light
is called by some new name;

Truth is the same!

It matters nothing to call it Star or Sun.

All light is one!"

Adeline Seymour.



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WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.